

The Sketch.



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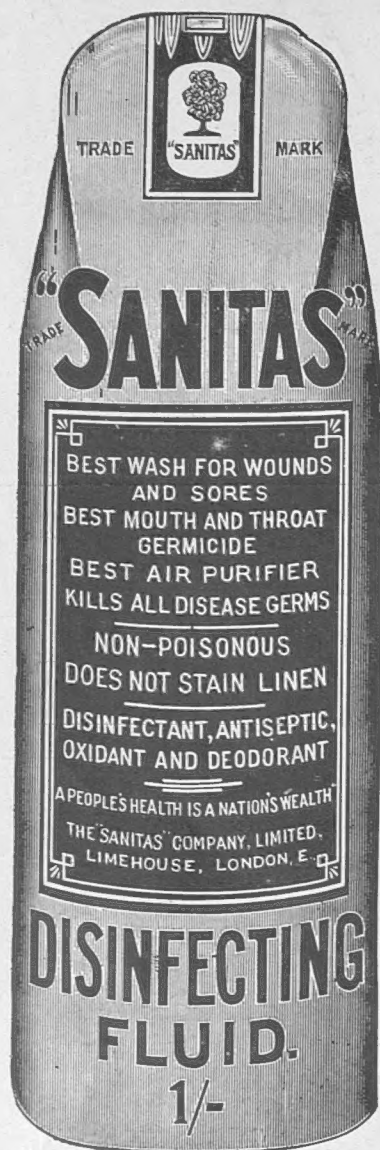
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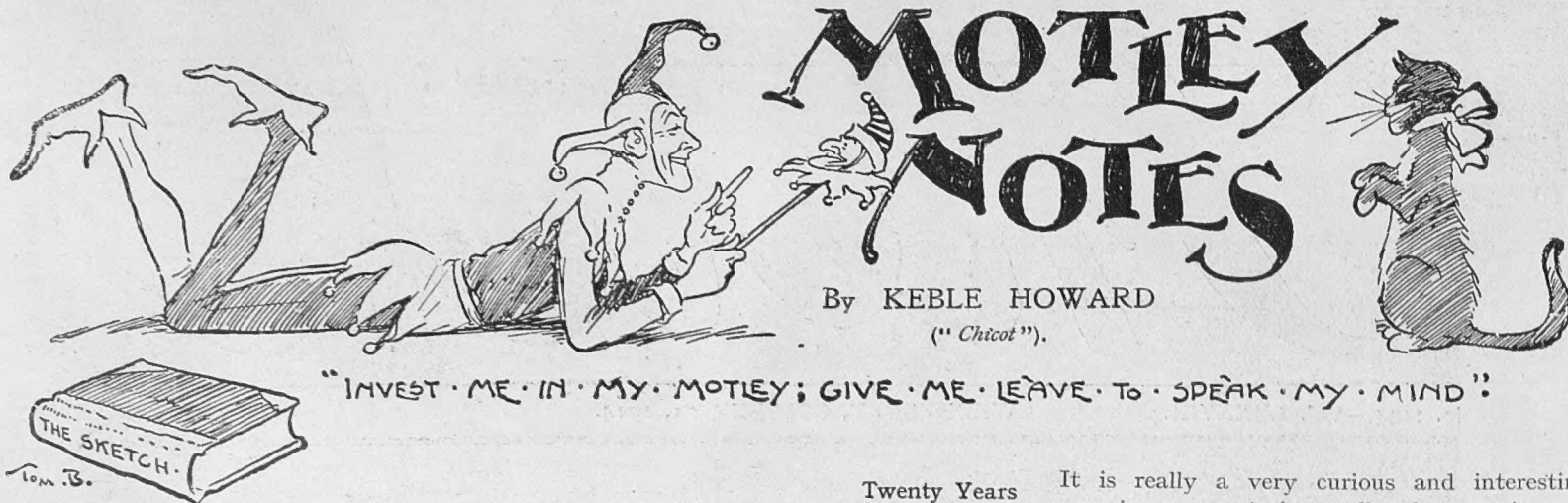
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



SUGGESTING A REALISTIC STAGE SETTING OF AN EXPLOSION! A HOUSE IN ANTWERP WITH ITS FRONT TORN AWAY BY A GERMAN SHELL.

The house is at the corner of two streets.—[Photograph by C.N.]



The Occupation of Belgium.

Let us not underrate our enemies. This is a very fine thing that the Germans have done. After no more than two and a-half months of fighting, they have actually "occupied" Belgium. When you remember that Belgium is even larger than Yorkshire, and that Yorkshire is quite a large county, you must admit that the Germans have done wonders in two and a-half months.

Unkind people may say that an army of four million men, and that said by themselves to be the finest army the world has ever seen, should have swept across Belgium and "occupied" it in three or four days. It is all very well to talk like that. Such critics do not take the other side into consideration. The German Army would certainly have swept through Belgium in three or four days, perhaps less, had it not been for the preposterous resistance of the Belgian Army. Obviously, the Belgians do not understand the art of War. They are sufficiently inartistic to upset plans of very great beauty and precision. They get in the way of the Grandest Army in the History of the World, and they fire at it, and they kill people belonging to it, and they even go so far as to cause confusion in the ranks of that Army.

That is why it has taken two and a-half months to "occupy" Yorkshire—I mean, Belgium. Hats off to this splendid feat! Multiply the size of Belgium by the size of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Russia, Servia, Japan, India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Egypt, the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic Ocean, and you will know exactly how long it will take the Grandest Army the World has Ever Seen to finish off this War according to its satisfaction.

Is that clear, friend the reader?

Authors and the War.

My mild remarks on "Authors and the War" in a recent number of *The Sketch* have, I am glad to say, brought quite a number of literary recruits flocking round the standard of the United Arts Rifles (to give the Force its official name). These remarks have also brought to me personally two interesting letters. One is marked "Private," so I may not print it. The writer is an author whose name is a household word, however, and he informs me that he will certainly join "any force, taking men of my age, which is recognised by the War Office as being likely to be useful" on his return from America.

The other letter is not marked "Private," so you shall have the enjoyment of its cleverness.

"You ask what authors are doing," says the writer, Mr. F. Harris Deans. "Unfortunately, there is no valiant mean in authors; they are either too old to do, or too young to be. The old and famous deserve pity; the thin and unknown, what they get—is. 1½d. a day. Fame is of no use to an author in war time; laurel-leaves are but poor diet. Lucky man who has youth instead of fame to offer his country.

"Only this morning my Sergeant-Major called me a cross-eyed cab-horse; it is a joyous moment when a Sergeant-Major no longer calls you 'Sir,' but a cross-eyed cab-horse; it is his euphonious way of implying that in time you may be a soldier—and write war stories ever after.

"There is a considerable difference between a typewriter and a 5-inch howitzer; you have to think what you are doing with a howitzer. There are no 'Editor's regrets' from a Sergeant-Major when you get slack.

"I hope to be off on foreign service in a week or two. Vale."

To which I reply, "Bravo, Sir! Good hunting, and a right royal return!"

Twenty Years After.

It is really a very curious and interesting experience, apart from all other sentiments, to find yourself once again in the ranks after an absence of twenty years. There are many changes in the drill, and one seems to be uncommonly stupid in adapting oneself to these changes. They are all for greater simplicity, no doubt, but they are bound to strike the man who remembers his old drill as difficult and complicated.

For ten horrible minutes, the other day, I "drilled" a squad. I got along very nicely until I gave the order, "From the right, number!" The instructor gently informed me that *all* numbering is done from the right, and that the modern command is merely "Number." I felt very small. My nerve was shaken.

The drill with the modern rifle has also been changed. Twenty years ago, we had a very comfortable position known as the "shoulder." In this position, the rifle was well out of everybody's way, and the company had a neat and soldierly appearance. Now there is no "shoulder arms"; one comes to the "slope" from the order. These points sound small, even insignificant, but they take a good many hours of patient drill to master thoroughly, so that every man works as one. Try for yourself, O intelligent and scornful reader, and see what happens. You may not be called a cross-eyed cab-horse, but you will feel a very much less consequential person at the end of the first hour, I promise you. And that might be all to the good? Who can tell?

WHEN THE ZEPPELINS COME.

I. WHAT NOT TO DO.

(a) Do not leave your lunch and rush into the street. The potatoes may get cold.

(b) Do not run down the street in your pyjamas or your night-dress. You may be arrested. Besides, the nights are apt to be chilly.

(c) Do not discharge your revolver, still less your old blunderbuss, at the Zeppelin. You will probably hit the next-door neighbour, or kill his chickens, and then there will be *real* trouble.

(d) Do not ring up the police-station. At the present juncture, it is more than usually difficult for the police to arrest a Zeppelin. Besides, they have their own plans, no doubt, for dealing with the intruder.

(e) Do not faint. It is much more difficult to take care of yourself when unconscious than conscious. Try getting down the cellar-steps in a state of unconsciousness, and you will at once see the force of this piece of advice.

(f) Do not be in too great a hurry to insure your house against destruction by Zeppelin. Divide the number of houses in England (we are very arithmetical to-day) by the number of bombs likely to be dropped, and you will get at the probable chances.

II. WHAT TO DO.

(a) If lunching, continue to lunch.

(b) If dining, continue to dine.

(c) If sleeping, continue to sleep.

(d) If enlisting, continue to enlist.

(e) If giving away money to the poor, continue to give it away.

(f) If laughing, continue to laugh.

(g) If bewailing the sad lot that has befallen you, go out and talk to the first Belgian refugee.

(h) If boring anybody with your financial losses or your opinions on the conduct of the war, go and put your head under the pump.

A ZULU HELEN AND HER PARIS: "MAMEENA."

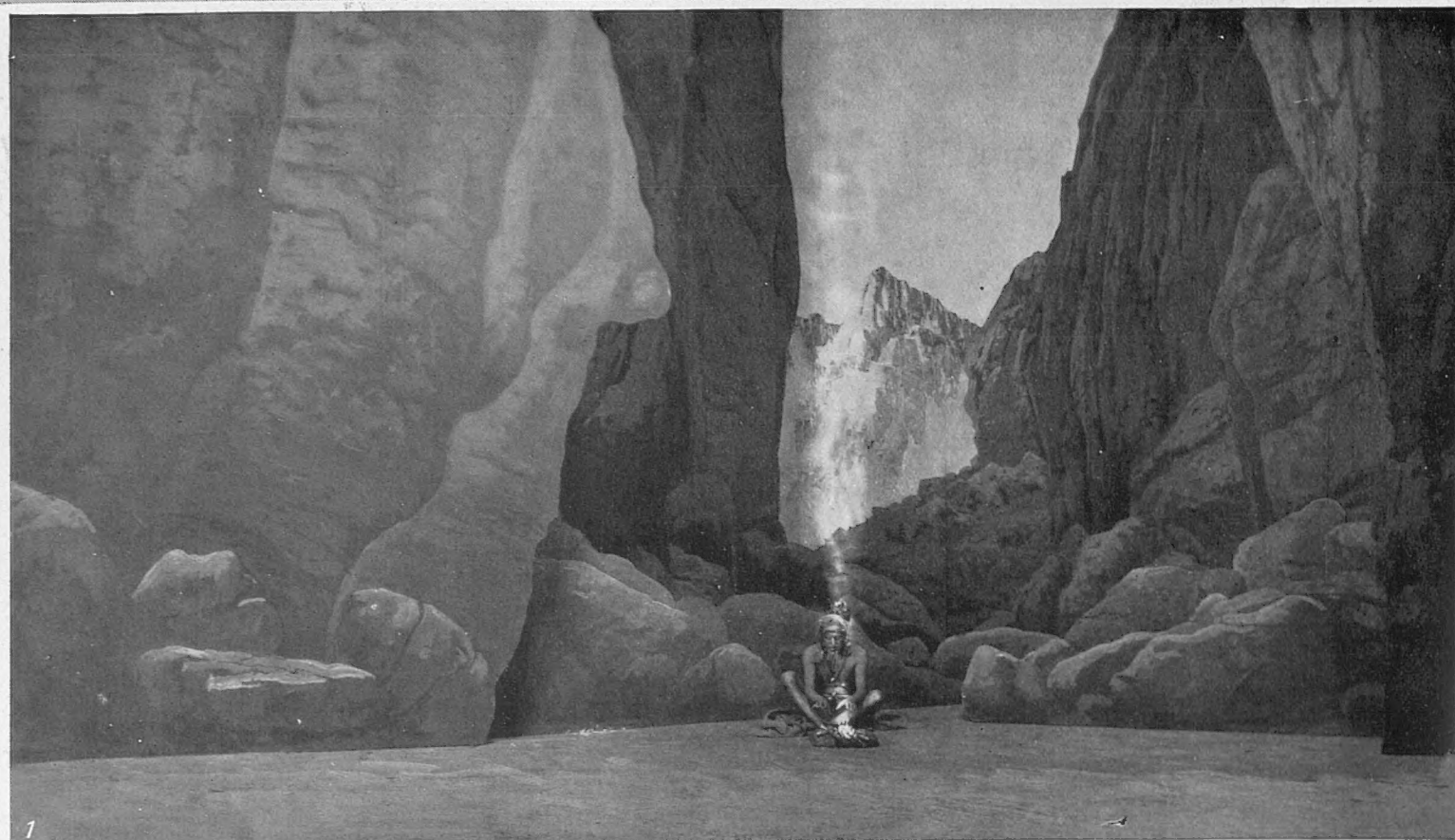


UNDER THE FASCINATION OF THE ENCHANTRESS: MAMEENA EXERCISES HER SPELL ON SADUKA—
MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS SADUKA AND MISS LILY BRAYTON AS MAMEENA, AT THE GLOBE.

"Mameena," now enjoying its successful run at the Globe, is, of course, a dramatisation of Sir Rider Haggard's romance, "Child of Storm," with Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche in the leading parts—that of Mameena herself, the Zulu Helen of Troy, and Saduka. For staging and scenic and costume effect London playgoers have hardly ever witnessed anything to match the production of "Mameena,"

a type of drama which certainly makes good its claim to have been "hitherto unattempted on the British and, perhaps, any other stage." Its incidents also follow with surprising closeness the life and ways of one of the most interesting of the warrior-races of the savage world. Picturesque, powerful, and unusual, it should prove a big draw.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

ZULU-LAND ON THE LONDON STAGE: REMARKABLE



1. INVOKING THE DEMONS OF THE UNDER-WORLD: THE WITCH-DOCTOR ZIKALI WORKING INCANTATIONS IN HIS MOUNTAIN CAVE.
3. THE VEILED BRIDE AT THE WEDDING DANCE: PRINCESS NANDI (MISS DORA BARTON), DAUGHTER OF KING MPANDE (MR. HUBERT CARTER).

The story of "Mameena"—a dramatisation of Sir Rider Haggard's story, "Child of Storm," has to do with the epic period of South African native history, when the Zulu power was at its zenith. It centres round the year of the great Zulu civil war (1856), when the country was under the rule of the celebrated Zulu King Mpande, brother of Tchaka, the founder of the Zulu nation, and "one of the most remarkable men that ever lived, a conquering warrior who has been variously described as the South African Attila or Napoleon." In 1856 the rivalry between the King's sons, Umbuyazi and Cetshwayo, involved the country in civil

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THE CLUBMAN

THANKS TO OUR INDIAN TROOPS: LORD CURZON'S "DON'TS": A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Comforts for the Indian Troops.

Every lady, and to a certain extent every man, just now has his pet amongst the various beneficent projects for the comforts of our troops at the front, in health or in the hospitals. The scheme in which I take special interest is that set on foot by the St. John Ambulance Association to provide a hospital of 500 beds at Alexandria for the Indian sick and wounded, and to renew, when necessary, the warm underclothing with which they have been equipped.

A Sign of Our Gratitude.

Our Indian troops will go into battle shoulder to shoulder with their British comrades with the same spirit of devotion, with the same passionate loyalty to the King; but if the thoughts of the seriously wounded English soldier in the base hospital always turn to the green lanes of England and the village from whence he has come, the thoughts of the wounded Indian soldier will turn to a warm land where the sun always shines, where there are flowers and fruits, and the rain is a blessing and not a cold downpour. Therefore it seems to me to be abundantly right that the St. John Ambulance Association hope to take by far the greater portion of the Indian wounded and sick to Alexandria, there to recuperate, and not to bring them to England, where the climate is trying to any Indian, even in good health. That we should by subscription amongst us give every possible comfort and solace to the Indian soldiers who are fighting Britain's battle is, I think, the very least we can do to show our gratitude to them.

Raincoats as Gifts.

It is, it seems to me, of the highest importance that when the Indian soldiers go back again to our Eastern Empire at the conclusion of the war they should go back pleased and satisfied men, and that they should be able to show in their villages the gifts that were presented to them when they took the field. It is the hope of the St. John Ambulance Association to give to every Indian soldier in our fighting ranks a waterproof cape which shall be his own property, and this amongst all the gifts suggested — mittens and mufflers, sweaters, pocket-handkerchiefs, and the like, appears to me to be the most useful one; and in sending my contribution to the fund, as an old soldier who has served alongside Indian troops in their own country, I have asked that it should be ear-marked for that purpose.

"Don'ts."

Both "Chicot" and I have tried our hands in supplying some "don'ts" with reference to the war; and Lord Curzon, in making a speech to the masters and boys of Harrow

School, has done likewise. All his "don'ts" are, as might be expected, exceedingly sensible ones, but if the ex-Viceroy's suggestion that "we should not waste breath in attempting to ascertain what is to happen to the German Emperor in this world or the next" were carried out the man in the street would be robbed of his principal subject of conversation. Lord Curzon certainly did not desire to stop the Harrow boys from using strong language with respect to the Kaiser, for he suggested that he will go down to history as "William the Blood-Stained" and "William the Assassin."

Fewer Match Battles than Usual.

Lord Curzon warned his hearers against believing that they can conduct the campaign better than General Joffre or Lord Kitchener or Sir John French can. I have, however, never heard so few suggestions in the clubs as to an alternative scheme of campaign during any of the great wars that I can remember. Men look day after day at the wavy white line and the wavy black line drawn on the maps in the newspapers, and alter the flags on their maps in accordance with the French official *communiqués*, but I do not think I have yet met a man who believes that he knows better than General Joffre where the French should push hardest against the German lines, and where they should expect the fiercest counter-attacks from the enemy. The only occasion on which I have seen the match-boxes in the club smoking-room robbed of their contents was to represent the opposing forces during the retreat from Antwerp and the danger the Belgians and ourselves ran from the flank attack delivered by the Germans.

"Remember, Remember the 5th of November."

Small boys are not to be allowed to explode bombs and send up fireworks this year on the fifth of November, Guy Fawkes Day, and this is just as well, for the bad boy of the family assuredly would frighten his grandmother out of her seven senses by causing an explosion in the back garden and announcing the arrival of a Zeppelin. But Guy Fawkes will, I am sure, parade the streets as usual—a doubled-up figure with straw sticking out of his arms, carried on a kitchen chair or in a go-cart; and I warrant that to most of the "guys" that the small boys of the mews and alleys construct will be attached a label announcing them to be the Kaiser. Probably the German Emperor, if he knew that the small boys of London contemplated paying him this compliment, would be rather gratified than disturbed.



THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA; AND HIS WIFE: GENERAL BOTHA AND MRS. BOTHA.

The British Empire may congratulate itself on having a man of the stamp of Louis Botha at the head of the defences of South Africa. A level-headed, strong man, he proved himself in the Boer War of twelve years ago an able soldier and an ideal leader for tight corners. He became Premier of South Africa in 1910, and two years ago the King appointed him to the rank of an honorary General in the British Army. General and Mrs. Botha have three sons. Two of them are reported at the front with their father; the third is a schoolboy.—[Photograph by Wilkinson.]



EMERGENCY RATIONS! REFUGEES FROM GHENT EATING TURNIPS PICKED UP IN THE FIELDS.

No part of heroic Belgium is being spared the horrors of war. Now that the German advance towards the coast is taking place, it is the turn of the inhabitants of the western provinces to suffer at the hands of the ruthless invaders. To add to the miseries of the cruelly stricken refugees from Ghent, forced to fly from their homes at short notice on the occupation of their native city, whole families made their escape without time even to take food with them. They hustled off along the roads in so wretched and famishing a condition that many of them were glad to eat the raw turnips pulled up out of the fields they passed.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THE WAR (DIS)STAFF: AIDES TO THE QUEEN.

*The Countess of Ilchester.**Lady Northcliffe**Viscountess Bryce**Lady Rothermere.**The Countess of Derby.**Mrs Arthur Sassoon.**Mrs Leopold Rothschild.**Mrs Asquith.**Lady Askwith**Mrs Austen Chamberlain.**The Duchess of Wellington.*

The Queen's "Work for Women" Fund is of so practical a nature that it must command more and more sympathy among all who agree that prevention of distress is better than relief, and employment better than charity. We give portraits of a number of ladies associated with the good work, and may mention that full particulars can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Central Committee on Women's Employment, Wimborne House, Arlington Street, London, W. Members of the Committee include the Countess of Ilchester, who is a daughter of the sixth Marquess of Londonderry;

Lady Northcliffe, wife of the famous magnate of the newspaper world and principal owner of the "Times" and the "Daily Mail"; Viscountess Bryce, wife of the Right Hon. James Bryce, P.C., formerly our Ambassador to the United States; Lady Rothermere, whose husband is another magnate of the newspaper world, and brother of Lord Northcliffe; the Countess of Derby, a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and a daughter of the seventh Duke of Manchester; Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, who is always to the fore when works of benevolence are to

Photographs by Lafayette, Walter Barnett, Wakefields, Lambert Weston, Thomson, Keturah Collings, and Dorothy Hickling.

[Continued opposite.

THE WAR (DIS)STAFF: AIDES TO THE QUEEN.



Continued.]

be organised; Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, wife of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, of Hamilton Place, and of Ascott, in Bedfordshire, Palace House, Newmarket, and Gunnersbury Park; Mrs. Asquith, the brilliant wife of the Prime Minister, and daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant; Lady Askwith, wife of Sir George Ranken Askwith, the successful and conciliatory arbitrator in so many big industrial crises and disputes; Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, upon whose husband's shoulders the mantle of his father, the late Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, has fallen; her Grace the

Duchess of Wellington, wife of the fourth Duke, and a persistent doer of good works; Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Honorary Treasurer, and wife of the well-known newspaper proprietor, who works so energetically for the blind; the Marchioness of Crewe, wife of the well-known peer and daughter of the fifth Earl of Rosebery, and Chairman of the Fund; H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, a Vice-President; Lady Roxburgh (widow of Judge Roxburgh), Hon. Secretary and Acting-Treasurer; and H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck, a Vice-President.

Photographs by Rita Martin, Lafayette, Violette Cotton, and Lambert Weston.

A "SHERLOCK HOLMES" TRAGEDY AS A REAL-LIFE SHOW



1. THE AUDIENCE AT A REAL-LIFE DETECTIVE DRAMA WAITING FOR THE LAST ACT: THE CROWD BEHIND IMPROVISED BARRIERS WATCHING THE SIEGE OF THE CAVE OCCUPIED BY THE MOTOR-BANDITS ON SEPT. 17.
3. A CINEMATOGRAPH OPERATOR RECORDING A REAL-LIFE TRAGEDY: ARMED DETECTIVES OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE MOTOR-BANDITS' CAVE ON SEPT. 16.

The tragic adventures of the South African motor-bandits a few weeks ago led to what may be called an open-air performance of a real-life Sherlock Holmes detective drama, with a considerable audience. As our first photograph shows, the latter had seats on a sloping hill-side, as in the open-air theatres of antiquity. Many of them brought their lunch with them. The play being enacted in deadly earnest before their eyes was the siege, by police and armed detectives, of a cave in the Kensington Kopjes, near Johannesburg, in which had taken refuge a band of criminals known as the Foster gang, or the South African motor-bandits. They had been disturbed in a burglary, and after murdering two police-sergeants and a detective, had escaped in a motor-car. Eventually they were tracked to

THE SOUTH AFRICAN MOTOR - BANDITS RUN TO EARTH.



2. A GOLF COURSE AS THE SCENE OF A REAL SHERLOCK-HOLMES DRAMA: WATCHING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE IN THE KENSINGTON KOPJES, NEAR JOHANNESBURG. ON SEPT. 16—A GREEN OF THE LINKS IN THE CENTRE.

4. AFTER A LONG NIGHT'S VIGIL OUTSIDE THE MOTOR-BANDITS' RETREAT: MEN OPENING UP THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE FOR THE WIFE OF A WOUNDED BANDIT TO JOIN HIM.

the cave, which was besieged by the police for the whole of the night of Sept. 16. One of the bandits shot himself during the night. The next day, Mrs. Foster, wife of the leader, was sent for at her husband's request, and went into the cave with her baby. Later, Foster's father and sisters were allowed to go in also to say good-bye to him. They came out with the baby, but Mrs. Foster remained in the cave to die with her husband. Two other tragic deaths were indirectly caused by the bandits. It will be remembered that during the time they were being searched for by the police, General Delarey and a Dr. Grace were shot in their motor-cars by police-patrols whose summons to them to stop was either not heard or disregarded.—[Photographs by C. Wilkinson.]



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MAX K. HORTON.

THE qualities demanded of a first-rate captain of submarine are extraordinary to the point of genius," says Admiral Bacon. It must be obvious to anybody who realises something of the means and ends of the most obscure branch of naval service that the qualities required are extensive and peculiar. In aviation the range of control and change of conditions are wide enough; in submarine work they are even wider. The nearest point of resemblance is reached by aircraft travelling in cloud or fog; and even there the comparison is incomplete, for aircraft face none of the problems of torpedo-launching. Bomb-throwing from an aeroplane is the most elementary form conceivable of getting at (or missing) your objective: you leave it all to the law of gravitation. The launching of a torpedo, on the other hand, is the most elaborate and delicate job that comes the way of a marksman.

A Bride of the Sea.

Lieutenant-Commander Horton loves his torpedoes: they are perverse, erratic, and devious in their ways, and need the delicate handling that those who are wedded to the service can give them. "Im marry!" exclaimed a seaman who was being teased about his pet Commander. "Im marry! He'd sooner hug a torpedo any day!"

The Double-Toothed Pirate.

The affection that Lieutenant-Commander Horton gives to this elaborate toy of a torpedo he gives likewise to his submarine. A few years ago, when it first attracted him, it was in reality hardly more than a plaything. That was before Sir Percy Scott declared that "the introduction of vessels that swim under water has, in my opinion, entirely done away with the utility of vessels that swim on the top of the water." Until then nobody had ventured to draw conclusions, nobody had foreseen the fate of the *Aboukir*, the *Cressy*, and the *Hogue*—nobody had realised that a double-toothed pirate of the Max Kennedy Horton type could, in the course of three weeks, twice plant his "rooties" in ships protected not only by their own guns, but by mines and a fortress-base.

Deep-Sea Sport. To "Cutts" Horton—the nickname is one of the mysteries of the deep—the difficulty of the enterprise is the crowning stimulus. When he leaves dock saying

"I won't come back till I've done something," he only does what every sportsman has done since the beginning. The remark is remembered in his case because it was made good. In hundreds of less fortunate cases it is forgotten because it was not made good. There is no such thing as certainty in the business of getting home at the German fleet, and Lieutenant Horton knows, and enjoys, the whole gamut of uncertainties. He will tell you that even in the speedy enterprise of a submarine attack there is time for every sort of sensation, from the highest elation to the gloomiest boredom. To wait submerged until the right moment is a process that turns minutes into hours; and to refrain from

letting go at the enemy (in one instance he had to keep his men in check for the very good reason that they were too near their objective, and would themselves have been sent to the bottom by an explosion) makes an eternity of fifteen minutes.

His "Records."

It is just because of the strain, both as science and sport, of a submarine attack that a man like Lieutenant-Commander Horton is known for the excellence of his spirits. They are his armour-plating. He has more whimsies than a schoolboy, and they serve his purpose well. His gramophone and card-games carry his men through the stress of inaction. If he is adored by his men it is be-

cause he knows not only how to achieve a triumph, but also how to enjoy it.

The Famous Flags—and No Flagging!

It may be noted, in regard to his manner of taking a win, that the legend of the skull and cross-bones is a legend founded on fact. The papers speak as if it were the accustomed thing for submarines to fly the pirate's flag as a signal of success, and those who knew that it had never been done before were, in consequence, inclined to disbelieve the whole episode. But, though it had never been done before, it will always be done in future. "E 9" did, as stated, hoist a little yellow flag decorated with the grim insignia after the sinking of the *Hela* last month, and on Oct. 8 she again hoisted it along with a little white flag of the same design, in token of her second success. Lieutenant-Commander Horton has similar flags of other colours stored aboard his boat.



THE "DOUBLE-TOOTHED PIRATE'S" CRAFT: SUBMARINE "E 9" (WHICH HAS SUNK A GERMAN CRUISER AND A DESTROYER) BETWEEN TWO OTHER BRITISH SUBMARINES.

The "E 9" now sports at her periscope two little flags bearing the death's head and crossbones—a white one for the recent sinking of the German destroyer "S 126," and a yellow one for sinking the cruiser "Hela." These flags have caused the "E 9's" commander, Lieutenant-Commander Max K. Horton, to be known on entering port as the "double-toothed pirate." He was appointed to the command of the "E 9" last March. In 1911 he received a medal for life-saving at the wreck of the "Delhi," with the late Duke of Fife and his family on board. Commander Horton was then serving on H.M.S. "Duke of Edinburgh."—[Photograph by F. A. Juler.]

DEFYING THE GERMAN LIGHTNING! A ROTHSCHILD DEVICE.



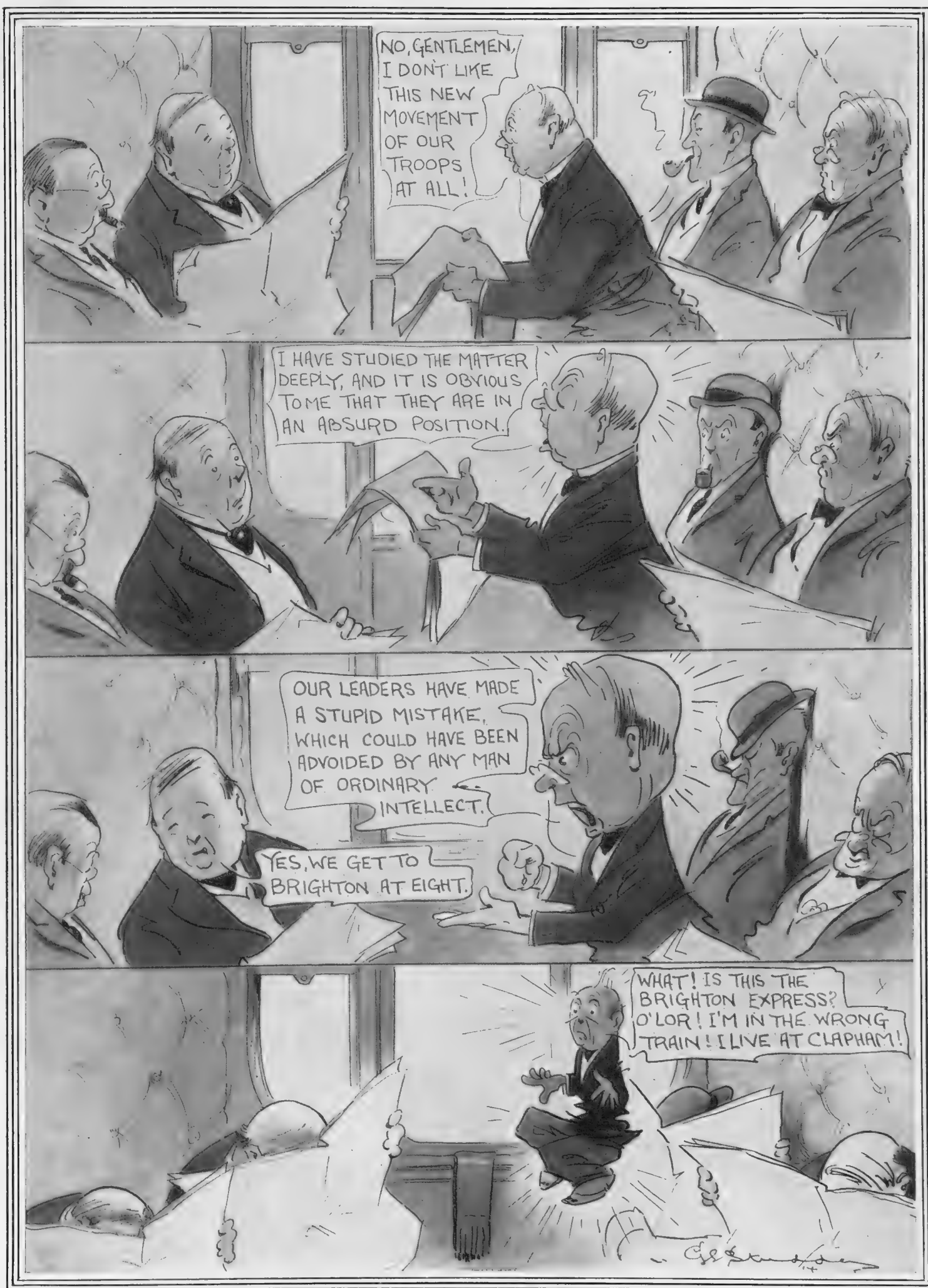
WITH ITS ROOF PROTECTED AGAINST ZEPPELIN BOMBS: MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S HOUSE,
1, SEAMORE PLACE, MAYFAIR.

A great many people in London will be interested to learn that, as a measure of protection against Zeppelin bombs that may be let drop, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild has had the roof of his house, 1, Seamore Place, Curzon Street, Mayfair, covered in with a cage-work of stout steel wire netting of a resisting strength, it is trusted, sufficient to explode any projectile harmlessly clear of the building. At the same time it may be mentioned incidentally that the Zeppelin bombs dropped over Antwerp

were about four feet long, of iron three inches thick, projectiles with a diameter of eight to nine inches and weighing (according to one account) upwards of a quarter of a ton apiece. Lighter bombs of about 1 cwt. are said also to be carried, the falling weight of which dropped from any height would need some stopping. It may be stated that the average cost of an anti-Zeppelin bomb policy of insurance of £1000 is about 25s. for private dwellings, and from 33s. to 50s. for business premises.

Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch."

EVERYBODY PLEASED !



THE TACTICIAN AT FAULT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE IDIOM AND THE IDIOT.



THE OFFICER (*to the tenderfoot trooper found in the stables at 11.30 p.m.*): What the deuce are you doing there?
 THE TENDERFOOT TROOPER: Well, Sir, I'm a picket, and they said pickets was to be mounted at six.
 I've been here since then.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

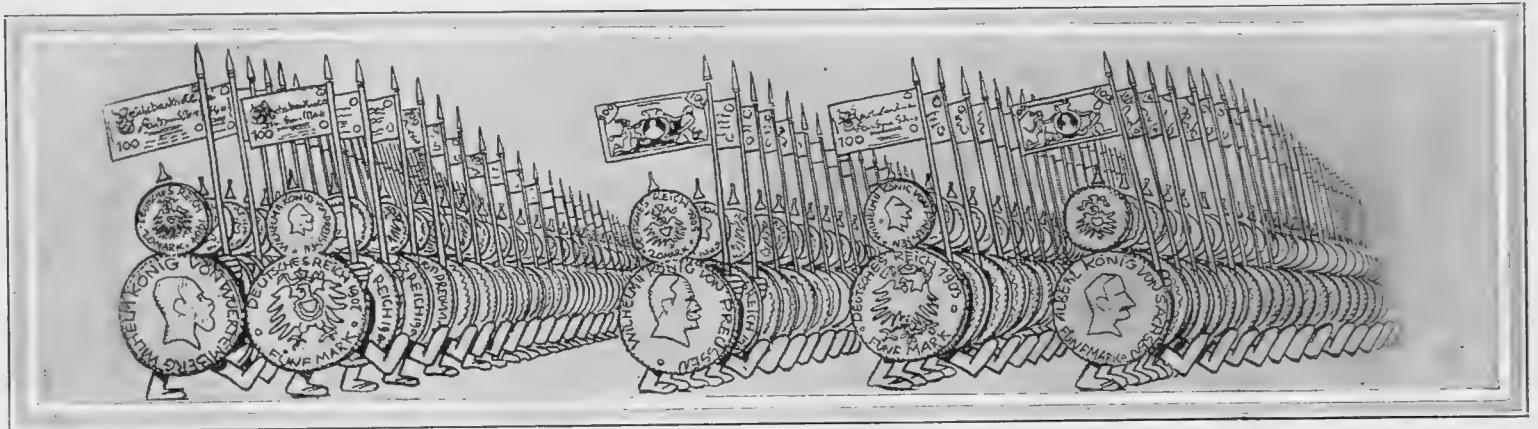
THE WAR: SIDELIGHTS AND SNAPSHOTS.



THE ITALIAN NAVAL RESERVE OFFICER
WHO RAN AWAY WITH A SUBMARINE:
CAPTAIN ANGELO BELLONI.



A GERMAN TIT-FOR-TAT POSTCARD REMINDER BY WAY OF SET-OFF TO THE RHEIMS VANDALISM:
HOW THE FRENCH TREATED HEIDELBERG CASTLE—TWO CENTURIES AGO—DURING THE DEVASTATION
OF THE PALATINATE BY LOUIS XIV.



THE FOUR AND A-HALF MILLIARD ARMY—"GOLD I GIVE FOR IRON": A GERMAN CARTOON ON THE NATIONAL WAR LOAN.



HOW TOMMY ATKINS IS CROPPED TO ENSURE HEALTH AND CLEANLINESS IN THE FIELD:
A SNAPSHOT WHILE THE DINNERS ARE BEING COOKED—AN "EYE-WITNESS"
PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FRONT.



FIRED AT BY GERMANS WHILE SAILING FROM OSTEND:
MISS JESSICA BORTHWICK CONNING HER RED CROSS
SCHOONER "GRACE DARLING" OUT TO SEA.

Before making off with a Russian submarine, lying ready for sea at an Italian shipyard, Captain Belloni wrote to his mother telling her that "dreams of slaughter" impelled him to his act, and that he was going to "bury himself in the Adriatic." The freak ended tamely at Bastia, in Corsica, where Belloni had to surrender to the French authorities, who sent the submarine back to Italy.—Heidelberg Castle suffered twice during the devastation of the Palatinate by the armies of Louis XIV., in 1689 and

1693.—In the German financial cartoon the obverses of some of the coins bear the heads of the sovereigns of Prussia, Saxony, and Württemberg. The head of the ruler of Bavaria, possibly of set purpose, as there is little love between that country and the Junkers, is left out. The legend on the cartoon of "Gold I give for Iron" refers to the recent repetition of what took place in the Napoleonic War of 1813, when German ladies gave jewels and ornaments to the National War Fund, receiving iron rings in exchange.

Photographs by C.N. and Sport and General.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE War Game is not to oust all others, and the King and Queen, as well as Queen Alexandra, have already shown that they do not intend to let Christmas be slurred. Their Majesties insist on the necessity of keeping everything as far as possible at normal point. Sandringham is visited as usual, and certain Court functions, anxiously awaited by some classes of tradesmen, will probably be announced for the coming season; and for several good reasons "Christmas as usual" is to be the word in the making of the Palace programme for the near future. Queen Mary, always proud of her *expertise* in toys, has already "reviewed" the products of the Women's Emergency Corps; and Belgian children as well as English will amuse themselves in due season with playthings made in England.



GAZETTED IN THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE: VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

Lord Maidstone, who has just been gazetted a temporary Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, is the eldest son of the thirteenth Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. He married, in 1910, Margaretta Armstrong, daughter of Mr. Anthony Joseph Drexel. Viscount Maidstone was formerly Lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry.

Photograph by Bassano.

women of the next generation very seriously, and to put them into pleasant lines of business on a large scale. A former instance of this habit was provided last year in Boston. The Curator of the Print Department, Mr. Carrington (he and his family were in London at the outbreak of war) put the public gallery at the disposal of the children of Boston, and they, with his daughter as president of an influential but very young committee, arranged an exhibition of the prints and drawings from the national collection that best pleased them. Children have never been let loose to such good purpose in the awe-inspiring galleries of Bloomsbury, although the portfolios of our own Print Department are bursting with Caldecotts and Kate Greenaways. Perhaps the young people have a better chance of an



TO MARRY MISS MADELINE (TINY) ROSS: CAPTAIN DONALD WOOD.

Captain Donald Wood, of the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own), is the youngest son of Mr. Arthur H. Wood, of Duddleswell, Uckfield, Sussex.

Photograph by Salmon.

Was there ever a better toy, or a larger? Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of

the United States Navy, has put an American battleship at the disposal of the children of America to convey their Christmas presents to the children of war-ridden Europe. It is a habit on the other side to take the men and

The Plan of the Princess.

the outbreak of hostilities, suggests something over and above all other proposals for a "Christmas as usual." Her scheme, as she voices it, was bound to succeed, and is succeeding. The first list of subscriptions, promised before the appeal had been fully published, was wholly satisfactory. Lord and Lady Rothermere's thousand pounds, Sir William Lever's five hundred, and the 250 guineas promised by several of the inevitable "backers" of all such proposals, gave a start that delighted the Princess. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley

was this time in the first flight of names; Sir John Ellerman's readiness has come to be taken for granted. The unanimity with which Lord Rothschild, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild each planked down exactly the same sum—£100—shows how systematically the rich man deals out his cheques when the business of charity becomes really pressing.

The Mysterious Mission.

The King's companion on several of the more important tours of Army inspection has been puzzling the amateur strategist. For some weeks after the beginning of the war the ranks of the British Generals were diligently searched for Sir Ian Hamilton's commanding figure. It made no appearance, and the onlooker was perplexed. But now he is discovered at home, entrusted, as the *Times* mysteriously puts it, "with the command of a certain force entrusted with a certain mission." Good

luck to it, whatever it may be.

The Five-Mile Radius.

Evidently the police have orders never to relax their rules of registration. Among the "alien enemies" who must obey the present somewhat vexatious regulations are Baron von Hügel and Baron Frederick von Hügel, both Englishmen in all things except the law. Baron von Hügel's mother was a daughter of General Farquharson and niece of Sir James Outram, the Mutiny hero, and the Baroness is a daughter of Lady Herbert of Lea. But she, too, by marriage with an Austrian subject, becomes an "alien enemy," and, like the Baron, cannot leave a five-mile radius without applying in person to a local policeman. The Baron is a landowner, but not to any extraordinary extent. What of an "alien" whose own estates overlapped the five-mile limit? It might then be a case of getting a permit every time he wanted to walk to the bottom of his own garden.

General Smuts Again.

Though all publics and most Governments look with disfavour on the General who sacrifices the lives of many of his men, the military view is less condemnatory. The punishment of a General because he fails or because he loses heavily is regarded by soldiers as a mistake. It checks initiative, says Sir Ian Hamilton, and initiative is of all qualities the most valuable of military assets. "I remember," Sir Ian records, "that extraordinarily clever young man, General Smuts, saying much the same to me in Pretoria, and explaining to me that it was the crucifixion of their defeated Generals by the Carthaginians which lost them the Punic wars." To-day we are reading various communications from South Africa signed "Smuts."



DOING RED-CROSS WORK IN PARIS: MRS. "JITTIE" HORLICK.

Mrs. "Jittie" Horlick, who is well known as a writer of ability, both as a playwright and the author of strikingly unconventional fiction, is helping in the war in generous and practical fashion. Mrs. Horlick, who is the daughter of Colonel Cunliffe Martin, C.B., a distinguished officer, has taken twelve motors to Paris, and is using them for ambulance work.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A WELL-KNOWN AVIATRESS MARRIED: LADY VICTORIA BRADY, NÉE PERY.

Lady Victoria Brady, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick, is only twenty-one, very popular in Society, and a fearless "flyer." She was married, on Oct. 14, at Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, to Mr. James Cox Brady, son of the late Mr. Anthony Brady, who left twelve millions. The bridegroom is director of a number of big Corporations in the United States.

Photograph by Poole.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN DONALD WOOD: MISS MADELINE (TINY) ROSS. Miss Ross is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Harry Thornton Ross and of Mrs. Ross, of 30, North Road, Hove, Sussex.

Photograph by Swaine.



SIR MARK SYKES, another warrior let loose from the House of Commons, has for many years held honorary rank in the Army, and did real soldier's service in South Africa. But in the meantime, while war was at a discount, his reputation has rested on lively speeches and a great personal popularity. A contemporary's description of him as "a clever, engaging, shock-headed, rather plump schoolboy, one of those irresistible creatures that everybody likes," makes rather too round and rosy an impression; he has the officer's spirit, plus the boy's—that combination that is found invaluable in England's campaigns. Sir Mark spent much of his boyhood in Brussels, and he is very earnest about clearing Belgium of her foes.

The Westminster Pairs.

The House is sending its Members to the war in very even numbers: Liberal and Conservative can almost be said to be pairing for the front. Mr. W. G. Gladstone, the young squire of Hawarden, has now got his commission, and as, besides being Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire, he is a large landowner near Chester, he is responsible to a great extent for the success of local recruiting. A bachelor and not yet thirty, the "G.O.M.'s" grandson was President of the Union at Oxford, and is a very pretty speaker. The House, indeed, is a heavy loser through the war; but while each Party suffers equally, Westminster, as a whole, will accept the absence of its brilliant young men with equanimity.

The "Sports."

One of the first things a gentleman ranker finds out is the name of his commander; later on, he has too many other things to think about to be much concerned with the great man, but before the importance of his sergeant and adjutant have fully dawned on him he has an eye for the celebrity. The Sportsmen, much to their relief, now know their man; Viscount Maitland has been given the command of the battalion, and the appointment is in all ways satisfactory. Viscount Maitland is not, perhaps, known specially well in a particular clique in the sporting world; his game is billiards, and his camera is more often slung over his shoulder than his race-glasses, but he is full of the grit and humour that should appeal all round in his battalion.

The Viscount in Command.

Viscount Maitland has the look of the Regular Army. His fine soldierly bearing marks him out as a "lifer" in the Service. First with the Royal Scots Fusiliers, secondly as a Lieutenant in the Dragoons, then in the Scots Guards, and afterwards as

the eldest son of the Earl of Lauderdale, also a soldier, with a thirteen-year record in the Hussars. Viscount Maitland, who ordinarily lives in Sloane Street, will have a busy time getting his sportsmen into shape; but he knows enough about military material to judge that the process will not be a long one.—The Earl of Lauderdale, father of the commander of the Sports-

men's Battalion, is a good Scot and good patriot. A few years ago he upheld his claim as Hereditary Royal Standard Bearer for Scotland, and his twenty-five thousand acres are mostly in the North. But Thirlestane Castle, a somewhat gloomy mansion full of snuff-boxes, has not kept Lord Lauderdale in Scotland all the year. He is one of the great expeditionary army of veterans that used to winter abroad almost every year. The climate of Berwickshire is too full of sneezes (quite apart from the snuff-boxes) to be attractive in mid-winter; but this year another expeditionary army has done much to spoil the ground for the regular peaceful invasion of the Continent.

Too Many Cooks—!

At first sight there would seem to be no great difficulty in getting from England to Italy; but the difficulties are there nevertheless, and many English people to whom a winter in the South has been the main necessity of existence find the ways closed. The big liners that would have made the long sea journey to Genoa or some other Italian port comfortable and

easy no longer connect at the necessary stages; and one agent, consulted by an anxious American who wants to join his family in Rome, could offer no route from London to the Italian capital save via—New York! In a time of stress and disorganisation the traveller gets conflicting advice and information from every office, and probably the path to Rome is not really so circuitous, but a day's march round London did not produce a satisfactory alternative.

Hill House.

Hill House, Epping, the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, has now been converted into a Guest House for the reception of six wounded officers, six invalided nurses, and twelve wounded soldiers in need of such special attention as the generosity of their host, the personal care of their hostess, and the skill of a resident doctor, a Swedish masseuse, and a staff of highly trained nurses can supply. Three or four of the greatest doctors and surgeons in London have offered to come down in consultation with the excellent local medico at Epping. And this Guest House, which is the most perfect of its kind for the mending and amusement of its inmates, is to be maintained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter until the end of the war. A form of help, this, as generous as it is practical.



HEIR TO VISCOUNT ACHESON: THE HON. ARCHIBALD ACHESON.

The Hon. Archibald Alexander John Stanley Acheson, son of Viscount Acheson, is three years old.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WIFE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER: VISCONTRESS ACHESON. WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN REPORTED WOUNDED.

Lady Acheson, who is the daughter of Mr. J. Ridgely Carter, American Minister to the Balkans, was married to Viscount Acheson, heir to the Earl of Gosford, in 1910. Their son, the Hon. Archibald Alexander John Stanley Acheson, was born in 1911.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

the leader of Roughriders in South Africa, he has had his full share of practical experience; more recently his work has been at Headquarters Staff. Born forty-six years ago, he is



THE HEIR TO AN EARLDOM WOUNDED: VISCOUNT ACHESON, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Lord Acheson, heir to the Earl of Gosford, is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. He served with distinction in the South African War, as A.D.C. to the Commandant of Kimberley, and was wounded at Modder River. He is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, England.

Photograph by Langflier.

DOGS OF WAR.



COMRADES IN ARMS: THE BRITISH BULL-DOG FIGHTS BY THE SIDE OF THE BELGIAN.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE COOLIE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A COOLIE came from amid the sand-hills and walked steadily along the exceedingly bad road that ran from the hills to the gate of a small Chinese town. As he came into view of the town the coolie's slow, expressionless eyes fixed themselves unwinkingly on the gate that gave entrance to the town through its thick walls. The fortifications about the gate were built in the solid, slightly curious style of the Orientals—that is, the desire for security that had caused them to be built was made a little ridiculous by the desire for the personal comfort of the defenders. Thus the guard-house that crowned the thick and solid works of this gate was covered with a roof, slightly foolish to look at, and tiled in the usual Chinese manner. The great eaves of this roof cast a deep shade on the entire wall over the gate. In the purple-black shade of these eaves a German sentinel was walking.

The coolie was three hundred yards away from the town, but he could see the sentinel quite plainly. Because he was on active service, the sentinel wore the grey tunic of the Kaiser's infantry, and, however poor a mark it made in the open field, it was exceedingly conspicuous in the shadow of that place. As the private moved in the deep gloom, this tunic moved like a grey shuttle in a dark fabric. It was upon the moving sentry that the inscrutable Oriental eyes of the approaching man were fixed in an unwavering stare.

Presently the coolie grunted, and a fierce little puff of smoke broke from the long green cigar between his lips. The sentry had halted. The coolie saw the pale, narrow patch that had been the patrolling soldier become a squarish lozenge as the infantryman turned and faced the road. The coolie knew that he had been seen, and that he was being watched. But he walked forward with the steady swing of the coolie, a swing that made light of the heavy load upon his back, and he made no further sign. His black eyes glittered under his saucer-shaped hat of straw, but not for a moment did they leave the guard-house.

Two more patches came into being beside that of the sentinel. All showed square and singularly pallid in the blackness under the guard-house roof. The men in them were facing the coolie, looking deliberately at him. The two new grey patches stood for the tunics of German officers. Their close scrutiny of this quite commonplace Chinese labourer represented anxiety. The massive gate set in the thick wall beneath them was firmly closed; that also stood for anxiety.

There was, to be sure, reason for anxiety. Twice during the past few days the Japanese had tried to rush this little outpost town, which, with a lack of military precaution that was criminal, the original Tartar builders had placed but three hundred yards from the sand-hills. It was from the convenient cover of the sand-hills that the Japanese had made their rushes; and though on both occasions—thanks to the strong walls and the alertness of the garrison—the enemy had been beaten off, the sand-hills yet remained, with, for all the German Commander knew, the Japanese still hiding in their long ranges of intricate hollows. Anything, therefore, coming from their direction was to be examined scrupulously with the suspicion of anxiety.

The town was but a small place, and the garrison in it but a couple of hundred infantrymen; yet the post was important. It stood as protection on the outer edge of the German zone of influence. It stood immediate guard over the roads, and particularly the railway that made the approach to the Treaty Port an easy matter. While the little town remained uncaptured, the Treaty Port and the zone immediately about it might be deemed safe from unexpected and successful aggression on the part of the Japanese from the land side.

The German Commander knew quite well what his position stood for, and what he was meant to do. He deplored the small force he

had with him, but he knew that could not be helped. If he had had a larger force, he would have posted men all along those infernal sand-hills, and thus rendered the town quite immune from the weapon of surprise. He had, indeed, tried to do this with what resources he possessed. It had been a failure. A quiet—and, it seemed, quite infallible—system of night assassinations had lost him seven of the men he had posted on the hills. He had known all along that the range was too extensive to patrol adequately: when he realised it was also too extensive to allow him to protect the lives of his sentries he had withdrawn even these outposts. Sometimes he sent a small scouting force to explore the hills; but this was rather futile, and he knew it. He had never found the slightest sign to prove that the Japanese were there, or had been there; in those hills nothing but a large force ever would. That, however, did not prove the Japanese were not there. There were the rushes to prove otherwise, and there were the deaths of the patrols too, though that might have been the work of the Chinese, who had no love for Germany.

The Commander therefore was forced to rely upon his unceasing vigilance and the strength of the town's thick walls to keep him secure. He knew that he would be quite safe as long as he could keep the Japanese at arm's-length; and he had proved he could do this in the ordinary way by repulsing the two Japanese rushes. As long as he kept the enemy at bay he was doing what he was stationed here to do. The Japanese could not risk having a post like his to menace their rear, by entering the zone without first having captured the town. So far, it seemed, they had not brought up their troops in any great force.

Always the German Commander's ability to hold the place depended upon his alertness, but now it depended upon his alertness in a greater degree than ever. The Japanese were keenly anxious to capture the town. And the German Commander knew why. All telegraphic and road and rail communication with the Treaty Port had been interrupted—possibly by a small raiding body of the Japanese cavalry—but before the interruption the Commander had learned that a well-equipped force was moving out to him, and that, thanks to early rains, the country between him and the Treaty Port was already becoming inundated and impassable to all save railway communication.

The breaking of the railway, though a small affair, had no doubt delayed the advance of the relieving force, but it was bound to arrive in a few days now. The Japanese knew this without a doubt. They knew that they must capture the town within those few days, or perhaps not at all—or, at least, not without considerable loss of valuable time and a considerable expenditure of labour and lives. For with an adequate force in the place, and isolated by the inundations, the post would be in an exceedingly strong position. Thanks again to the flooding of the country, it was necessary for the Japanese to get hold of the terminus (with all its rolling stock) of the railway leading to the Treaty Port if they were going to concentrate an army of sufficient strength to subjugate the Port. As long as the town was intact, the terminus and the rolling stock were safe.

The second attempt of the Japanese to rush the town had been on the third day after communications had been cut. It had been extraordinarily vigorous and protracted. The enemy, however, were as yet without artillery, and the ordinary assault with bamboo ladders and the fires of fierce Oriental ardour to man the ladders had been quite useless against the strong walls of the town. They had retired, and for the last day or two there had been absolutely no sign of them at all. They might, indeed, have left the district in the disgust of defeat. Perhaps they had. But the Germans were not taking any risks. Though there were but one or two

[Continued overleaf.]

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE WAR: SOME CURIOUS SNAPSHOTS.



THE SCULPTOR IN SAND AS WAR-CARTOONIST: THE KAISER, WOULD-BE "SHERMANISER OF THE WORLD," HELD BY HIS OPPONENTS—BRITAIN, INDIA, RUSSIA, FRANCE.



AN UNFORTUNATE JUXTAPOSITION: THE NOT-TOO SUCCESSFUL WARRIORS, THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND GENERAL VON HINDENBURG, WITH A FURIOUS BRITISH LION (?) DIVIDING THEM.



GIVING HIM HIS "INVISIBLE" UNIFORM! STAINING A WHITE HORSE "BATTLE-COLOUR" BEFORE SENDING HIM TO THE FRONT.



A MOTOR-CYCLE AND SIDE-CAR CHASSIS UNDER WAR CONDITIONS: AN ARMoured, WHEELED "FORT."



TRYING TO WING A TAUBE FLYING OVER OSTEND AS THE LAST BOAT WAS LEAVING: A SCOT SHOOTING AT THE GERMAN MONOPLANE FROM THE DECK OF THE STEAMER.



STEEL-DOVE-SHOOTING IN THE STREETS OF OSTEND! TAKING A SHOT AT A TAUBE FLYING OVER THE FAMOUS WATERING-PLACE AS THE LAST STEAMER WAS LEAVING.

Humour of the grimmest and actuality of the sternest are found cheek by jowl in the war, as our illustrations show. In the first is a Bournemouth humourist who is modelling in sand a caricature of the Kaiser, in uniform, crying: "I must Shermanise the world," but being held back by his opponents, including the Russian Bear, the French poodle, the Indian tiger, and the British bull-dog. No. 2 shows some idols of clay which have quickly fallen—busts of the Crown Prince, "The Victor of Longwy," and General Von Hindenburg, "The Victorious Leader of the Army of the East," neither

of whom has been too successful a warrior. Between them, in front of the Museum in Berlin, roars and rears an angry lion, presumably British. Next we see a white horse being stained brown by Germans lest, at the front, the enemy's marksmen should find it a tempting target. Our fourth picture illustrates the possibilities of an armoured Premier motor-cycle and side-car chassis for three passengers and a driver, made by the Golby Side-Car Company, Coventry, and valuable for despatch-riding, scouting, patrolling, ammunition, stores, conveying wounded, etc.

Photographs by Record Press, L.N.A., Illustrations Bureau; F. H. Ashby, G.P.U., and Farrington Photo. Co.

days between them and their reinforcements, they maintained an unwinking vigilance. Even the approach of a very ordinary, slouching Chinese coolie found them on the *qui vive*. The Japanese, they knew, were up to all manner of tricks, and the approach of this man might be one of them.

The coolie, imperturbable under the gaze of the three men, moved steadily towards the town. He was a thick, square, dirty little man, and he bore his load of two big, matting-covered parcels on their bamboo carrier with the casual ease of all coolies. He was a humdrum and undramatic object walking in a sunlight as strongly dramatic as limelight. He seemed to know that he was commonplace and unworthy of any extraordinary interest. Tiny puffs of cigar-smoke broke away from him with a regularity that advertised a complete unconsciousness of any inimical scrutiny. His filthy clothes, his settled shuffle, his casual gait proclaimed unmistakably his cooliedom—advertised that he was a Chinese coolie of a most ordinary brand.

The entire essence of the man defied the world to imagine him anything else but a coolie, and the three men staring at him so intently from the gate of the town felt that really he was nothing else. Just a coolie making one of the strange, lonely journeys with parcels of merchandise that coolies sometimes make. That he should have made his journey through a country where death might have struck him down any minute was just the sort of absurd thing a coolie would do. It did not even mean that he had been successful in evading the Japanese, or that there were now no Japanese in the district to stop him. It would be in keeping with Japanese cunning to refrain from stopping this coolie, so that his free passing would give the Germans the impression that there were no Japanese in the sand-hills to stop anyone.

The three Germans under the shadow of the deep eaves watched him closely and alertly. Even if the man was a coolie there was no need for them to cease their vigilance. There might arise an opportunity for tricks even at the approach of so mean a thing as this fellow.

The coolie continued his way steadily impassive. He was entirely unconscious of the drama about him. He was merely a very ordinary man doing his very ordinary every-day work; he swung forward with his dipping slouch, and not for a moment did he break his unconcerned habit of smoking. Only once did the pale ghost of feeling come out like a shadow on his face. It was when he passed a deep rain-water ditch one hundred yards from the gate of the town. This gully was masked by a tropical tangle of weeds. It appeared choked with the rank density of weeds; but it was not so choked—with weeds—as it seemed. As the coolie passed it, there came out of it a deep whisper—the sound of just two words repeated many times in many different voices. Two thrilling words—

"Banzai Nippon!"

Lieutenant Kinteito, of the Japanese Army, heard the words. He puffed his little unconcerned puff of cigar-smoke without showing sign. His teeth gripped the cigar; his lips opened in a little movement.

"Banzai Nippon!" he whispered in return. "Banzai!" And then he said, "Sayonara (farewell for ever)."

"Sayonara?" breathed from the depths of the rain-water gully. Lieutenant Kinteito shifted a little the load on his back and went on—without having checked in his stride.

The matting wrappers of his load enclosed two parcels of dynamite, each enough to blow half a cliff away. Round the dynamite was packed—packed tight so that it would not fail in its work of detonating the dynamite—coarse black powder. There were, however, no outward signs of these explosives either in the two packages or in the demeanour of the man who carried them. With that little movement that shifted his pack to a comfortable strain, Lieutenant Kinteito, of a Japanese cavalry regiment—a cavalry regiment waiting even at this moment with the straining anxiety of leashed hounds behind the hills—with that little movement the Lieutenant had disappeared, and only a stolid Chinese coolie shuffling towards the massive gate of the little town remained.

When he was twenty yards from the gate the sentry challenged. The coolie looked up stupidly, but still went forward. The two officers joined their voices to the private's, and called harshly on him to stop. One of the officers called out in the pidgin-English which is the international tongue of all coolies, even if their overlords are German. The coolie understood that at once. He

stopped, stood blinking dully up at the men on the wall above the gate. At the sound of the raised voices, the rest of the guard came jumping out of the guard-house. They lined up smartly in the dusky murk under the roof-eaves, a rank of grey lozenges shining out of the shadow. All stared down at the coolie, saying nothing, examining him with precision and care. He gazed up at them stolidly. Then, as nothing happened, he squatted on his heels in the inevitable fashion of his kind, the two easel-like legs of his carrying-frame resting on the ground behind him. The officers continued to stare for a minute, then the speaker of pidgin-English called out, demanding the coolie's business.

The Chinaman took the quarter-burned cigar from his lips, flicked away the grey ash.

"Me tladee," he called back in the sing-song voice of the coolie. "Me wanto tladee. Plenty sell. Plenty you wanto buy." He put the cigar back between his lips. He puffed calmly. He had delivered his message to the waiting world, and the world now would have to take what steps it thought fit to secure his "plenty tladee." He squatted a stoic figure of indifference, glad to rest himself of his load.

"What you wanto tladee?" demanded the linguistic officer. "What you wanto sell here?"

The coolie puffed two calm billows of tobacco-smoke.

"Lice," he sang. He put one hand behind him into an opening in the matting. He flung into the air a little cascade of rice that fell shining like gold in the hard sunlight. "Lice. Plenty good lice. Alle good chop stuff."

The officers regarded him steadily. One spoke softly to the men of the guard behind. Three men left the line and vanished within the building that crowned the gate. The rest moved forward and lay down behind the parapet with rifles held ready. The coolie watched this stolidly, as a man watches a play that does not impress him.

After a minute a small door in the great gate opened. The three grey-tunicked infantrymen who had gone into the guard-house appeared in its opening. They, too, held their rifles ready. One of these men stepped outside the gate and drew the coolie forward with a wave of his hand.

The coolie rose, shifted his load, and walked to the gate. The three infantrymen watched him casually.

When he arrived at the gate the infantryman outside stepped out of the way so that the coolie must enter before him. The coolie could not do this at the first attempt, the bamboo-carrier was too big for the little door. The infantryman outside chaffed him in German for his clumsiness. The man pretended not to understand the German, though he smiled ingratiatingly when he saw that the two men inside the gate were grinning. He began to unship the carrier to pass it through the opening.

First he drew two very deep breaths of his cigar, so that it would remain fiercely alight while his attentions were distracted from it in the performance of this very necessary job. The Germans joked about that. They were amused when, having got the carrier free, he found it almost unmanageably heavy. They did not attempt to help him in his efforts to get it through the door. When one of the carrier's feet caught in the door and caused the top package to fall heavily against the fellow's chest, the German infantrymen laughed outright.

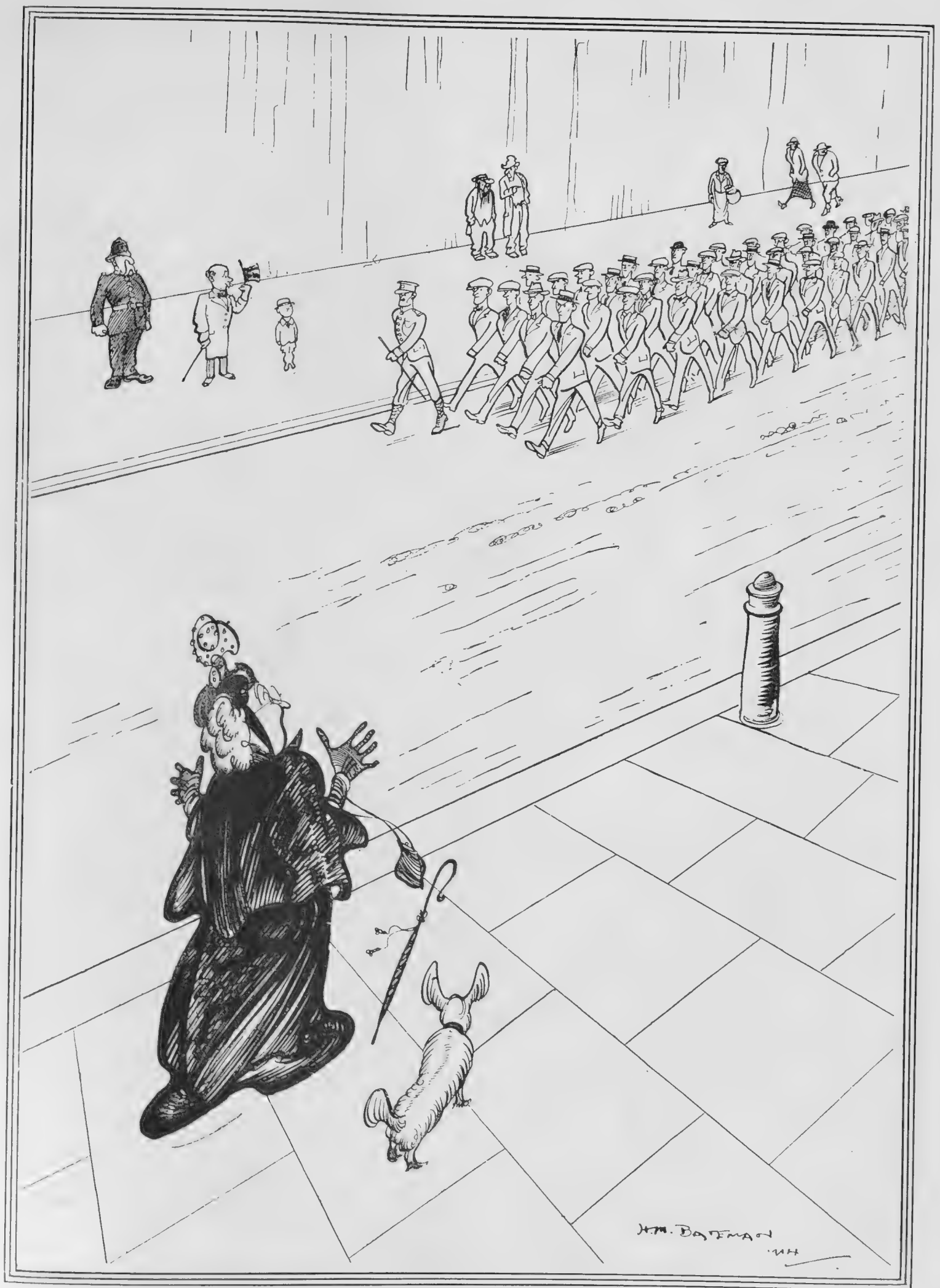
The coolie smiled with them, the servile smile of the man who wished to appear well with his tormentors in spite of his discomfort. In an attempt to steady his burden his left hand went through the matting on to the rice. It was done quite naturally. The infantrymen failed to notice that the hand had pushed back the rice at the top of the package until the surface of something black and powdery was thoroughly exposed. The Germans merely noticed his difficulties with the small gate, which were amusing. The coolie did not laugh now. He put the cigar into his mouth again and sucked deeply at it until its tip glowed fervently red. He took this cigar from his mouth with his right hand, and, very deliberately, pressed it slowly and deeply into the black, coarse blasting-powder.

Even before the dust of the appalling explosion had started to settle, a horde of Japanese infantry were out of the rain-water gully, swarming over the piled ruins of the gate fortifications. Cavalry, too, had swept at once from among the sand-hills and were lunging at the town. Over the sand-hills themselves, thick wads of Japanese infantry came pushing rapidly.

The Japanese had captured the town at last.

THE END.

AND NO WONDER!



THE DEAR OLD LADY (as the recruits march by): Dear me, how this fine weather does bring the young fellows out, to be sure!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Women Doctors in Antwerp.

Extraordinary tales of the calmness and courage of Englishwomen at Antwerp reach us from all hands. The nurses, women doctors, and orderlies displayed amazing coolness; the atrocities of the Germans in this war seem to have bred a kind of superb apathy mixed with disgust—as if life were of small account in a country at present over-run by brutes in the uniform of soldiers. The first shell which fell in the garden of the Stobart Women Doctors' Hospital in Antwerp was at night, when two officials were on duty—Dr. Joan Watts and Nurse Finch. In less than half an hour every patient was dressed, the worst cases being finally removed (under shrapnel fire) to the cellars of a convent opposite; and I can picture Miss Sally Macnaughtan, the author of "A Lame Dog's Diary," in her capacity as head of the orderlies, carrying out this work with spirit and cheerfulness, even under a hot fire. If you have once had in your hand a large piece of jagged shrapnel, you realise what frightful wounds this kind of missile always makes when it meets flesh and bone. Yet, not at all daunted, these ladies continued their work of getting their wounded away, or consigning the half-dozen worst cases to safety. Only when all was accom-

plished did Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's doctors, nurses, and orderlies think of their own safety. In Antwerp, on

that awful Friday, it was a case of "every man for himself," and, apparently, every woman also. The Belgian Red Cross, under whose auspices they were working, could do nothing for them; and had it not been for the chivalry of three English motor-'bus drivers who were carrying away ammunition from the trenches, and afterwards of a Belgian General, who sent them on to Ostend, our British heroines would have been left behind at the mercy of the conquerors.

British Women Under Fire.

An American correspondent in the *Times* gives a first-hand account of how British women behave under fire. Without any of the *blan* of battle, and with no weapons in their hands, they rival, at least, the coolness of Tommy in the trenches. In the midst of bursting shell and flying shrapnel our nurses of the British Field Hospital "worked about the omnibuses, making their helpless soldiers as comfortable as possible, as cheerful and unconcerned through it all as if the German shells were no more than summer rain." This is a handsome tribute from a stranger, but it only corroborates what other witnesses have to tell us. Whatever our national vices and failings, that of lack of courage is certainly not among them, as the actions of large numbers of highly educated and well-bred women have abundantly shown during the last few years in a political sphere. The lady who

knits socks and mufflers *coram publico* just now—even in trains and in the private boxes of theatres—plays a useful part, if she will also employ an equal number of out-of-work women to perform this

The Girl in the Lift.

The girl who manœuvres the lift at a certain big shop is emphatically a girl in the right place. Worked by shifts, there is nothing very arduous in running an "elevator," the youth whose occupation it once was to shout at ascending intervals "Laces, hats, lamp-shades, boots, coal-scuttles!" being more usefully and patriotically employed at Aldershot or on Salisbury Plain. At such a crisis in our national fate, there still seem to be too many hefty young men about, doing jobs which could quite as effectually be done by their sisters. There is no reason, for instance, why women should not, as in Germany in normal times, act as clerks in railway station ticket-offices. Indeed, we might go further, and employ capable women as bank clerks, shop-walkers, 'bus-conductors, and 'bus-inspectors. In journalism, trained writers could certainly do the work hitherto monopolised by the other sex. In America women journalists are much more largely employed on the big newspapers than they are here, and "getting up a story"—that is, a sensation for the Press—is a peculiarly feminine field of activity. Not that we want the methods of the Yellow Press here, but there is no valid reason why capable women journalists should not be largely utilised as reporters and proof-readers, while we make soldiers out of the masculine world of newspaper-offices—a world which is intelligent and well-informed enough to know now that every strong and healthy man ought to fight for the Empire.

The Influence of Queens.

England enjoyed an enormous prestige so long as Queen Victoria reigned. Though she seldom appeared in public after the Prince Consort's death, her personality was embedded in the hearts of the people, and our greatest statesmen and soldiers bowed before her decisions, which were always deliberate and reasoned out. It is the fashion, just now, to use the term "Victorian" in a derisive sense, but some of us, on our part, feel like the gentleman who asserted that nothing would induce him to speak disrespectfully of the equator. It would seem as if the most fervid loyalty is evoked, and the most brilliant soldiers are evolved, when feminine sovereigns rule. During the reigns of Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria England's might was splendidly displayed, and in the latter reign we more than doubled our Empire. The late Queen, indeed, thought so much of her soldiers and sailors that she saw few men (except the necessary politicians) who were not of the two Services. Abroad, in the present war, feminine royal influence is not discernible. The Kaiserin is an amiable person, but a *nullité* as regards force of character and prestige; there is no Austrian Princess who can "impose" herself; while the Queen of Italy may be suspected to be on the side of her compatriots the Montenegrins.



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Reassured.

Those of my sisters who have felt that the autumn fashions would be adversely affected by the war can now feel quite reassured. There are beautiful models direct from Paris, and there are also many by our designers. In no respect do these fall short of the usual smartness, while they may be regarded as slightly more practical. The materials are as varied and beautiful as ever, the truth being that they were prepared before the war began. For some things in our new way of life we shall have to pay more, but they will be worth it. War-time has brought us face to face with realities in many ways. One of them is the gradual disappearance of mere-triciousness. This is one of the excellent effects of war: we were falling victims to a fetish of cheapness. There will be far more real value in our autumn outfits, if there is less show, and one finds that the very expensive models are comparatively few. It is pleasant also to be able to chronicle that women are taking a healthy, wholesome interest in their clothes.

Strange Tales.

On all sides we are assailed with amazing stories suggestive of mediæval times. That a celebrated sailor is imprisoned in the Tower has an Elizabethan flavour; dispelled by a sight of the officer in question walking along Pall Mall in full modern uniform, and apparently in excellent health and spirits. That the German Emperor's sons spent all their time in Scotland last autumn making drawings and nosing out plans—that is not unbelievable: we know that two of them did tour Scotland pretty extensively. That one of them has been in England disguised and has gone back with valuable information. As they all speak English indifferently and with pronounced German accents, this is at least unlikely. That a lady high in royal confidence is under strict surveillance; that a German spy was shot in the Admiralty; that Krupp's works have English mechanics sent away by our authorities because the men were nearing pension time; that tennis-courts

and other places hidden up with earth round Paris, Ostend, and Antwerp were made ready on ground purchased by Germans as long as ten years ago—on all sides one hears stories about which the safest procedure is to believe none of them. Every friend seems to keep a little private string of perfectly true stories; when one meets a number of friends in a day the mind becomes rather clogged with them all. As these stories are liable to considerable confusion in passing them on, it is best to put the mental closure on nearly all of them.

Wild Women Tamed by War.

The Militant Suffragettes are, I hear, wringing impotent hands to behold the great Sex's part in the titanic war reduced to wielding the needle and the bandage, and, worse still, to finding that they are fulfilling these duties to universal admiration and to the great benefit of our common cause. One of the many good things that accrue to us from this fight for our honour and our Empire's life is a return to the great natural foundation of things, when it is clearly proved that women are not as men, nor can they take the great part in life. The Suffragist societies have fallen

into line and are doing their best to help, but it has to be in women's ways; there is a very becoming and an altogether acceptable air of sanity and of quiet dignity about their efforts which adds greatly to their success.

"The Red Cross in War."

This is the title of a shilling book on the nursing of sick and wounded by Miss M. F. Billington, whose work as a journalist is so well known and much appreciated. It is not only a very interesting, but a very useful little volume, because it is largely due to the general feminine ignorance about our military and naval nursing associations that so many thousands of well-meaning but ridiculous offers of service are tendered when there is an outbreak of war. British nurses are never allowed, in any circumstances, to tend sick and wounded soldiers unless they have three years' training and full certificates. Miss Billington gives all the authorised organisations and their history, with very many personal particulars of women who have won renown in the noble profession of nursing. The French Red Cross and the Russian Red Cross Societies are also treated of in a specially interesting way. A crying want in the British Red Cross Society is a hospital where members of Voluntary Aid Detachments can gain practical experience. There are many thousands of them fully qualified theoretically, with no practical experience to speak of, and therefore of far less use than they might be.

The Russian Influence.

Our Allies from the North are influencing our fashions for the winter, and doing so in quite a sensible and very becoming way. The long-skirted Cossack coat in fur will be quite the smart thing, and the Cossack cap in black velvet and in fur is also in the programme; while blouses finished with Russian embroidery are also included. The Cossack belt is also a feature of feminine fashion; needless to say, it is not used as a receptacle for fearsome weapons like those of the real Cossacks. We might stick our knitting-needles or our scissors into the small embroidered recesses made in pretty imitation of the Cossack's grim and warlike belt for knives, cartridges, and suchlike (to him) necessary but unpleasant implements. The Russian-shaped blouse is an old friend, likely to become still more intimate.

To Banish a Trouble.

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A GRACEFUL DANCER FOR BELGIAN CHILDREN: MISS MAY DE LORRAINE.

A charming entertainment, chiefly "by children for children," was given recently at Fulham Town Hall, to aid the funds for founding a school for Belgian children in West Kensington. Miss May de Lorraine took part in the entertainment, which was very successful.

Photograph by Hellis and Son.



A CHARMING LITTLE DANCER FOR BELGIAN CHILDREN: LITTLE "GRANNY" PICKFORD.

Little Miss Pickford made quite a hit in a "flag" dance, and in "The Wounded Swan," "after" Mme. Pavlova. — [Photograph by Claude Harris.]

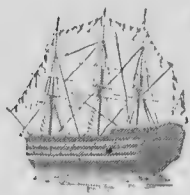


AN AGILE YOUNG HELPER OF BELGIAN CHILDREN: MISS CREINA MAIE.

Miss Creina Maie was very alert and popular in an Irish jig and a lively step-dance.

Photograph by Adelphi Studios.

when it is clearly proved that women are not as men, nor can they take the great part in life. The Suffragist societies have fallen



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MISPLACED ENERGY : THE CAPITAL OF RUSSIA ? : MAP ORTHOGRAPHY.

Police Trapping and Burglary.

Recent happenings have forcibly reminded me of an experience of several years ago in the Police Court at Kingston-on-Thames. Before the magistrates filed in, a solicitor, anxious to get to legitimate business, asked a certain notorious motorist-baiting inspector as to the number of summonses on the list. The inspector replied that there were a lot of motoring cases to come on first. "Can't you give them a rest?" the solicitor rejoined, thoroughly sick, as were most other people by that time, of the way in which police persecution was being practised in the county upon motorists who did no manner of harm, but merely infringed, in some cases, the arbitrary limit of speed. Neither then, however, nor for years afterwards did the inspector or his satellites "give them a rest," and Surrey settled down into a byword for indiscriminate and vexatious prosecutions. Then came the war; and when issues of the greatest gravity had to be considered by the whole Empire, one would have thought that the police would have something better to think about than the continuance of their favourite sport of laying traps for motorists. Well, there was a slight lull, but now the Automobile Association has to report a recurrence of the trapping system in various districts; and it is significant to note that at one place—on a southern road to the coast—four policemen spent the whole of an afternoon in molesting motorists, and meanwhile a burglary was committed within a quarter of a mile of their measured stretch!

New Licenses for Old.

Whether justifiably or otherwise, motorists have been stopped so frequently during the past few weeks in various localities—sometimes by the military, sometimes by the police, and at times even by Boy Scouts—that their driving licenses, which are invariably demanded for inspection, are suffering considerably from wear and tear. The *Light Car* half-humorously and half-seriously suggests that "if this goes on we may have to petition for metallic licenses," and adds that "an enlarged copy attached to the radiator would save a lot of time." Presumably the trouble has been experienced for the most part on the roads adjoining the East Coast and near various encampments; and though no hardship is inflicted upon the car-owner who passes on a single occasion only, at least some means might be found of saving annoyance to those actually living in the district, and therefore under the frequent necessity of passing sentries.

Topographical Errors.

There are many touring motorists to whom, as a result of many road journeyings abroad, the Continent is now an open book, and for my own part I can say without affectation that the whole area of the operations in France, as well as much ground

that may yet be the scene of battles in Germany and Austria, is almost as familiar as are the Home Counties themselves. Not every one cares for foreign touring, however, but one cannot but feel surprised at times at the extraordinary ignorance of European topography that is displayed in unexpected quarters. The genial Mr. G. R. Sims, for example, has been asking himself in print whether he ought to continue to use Carlsbad salts, inasmuch as they are a "German product." Since when, however, was the famous Austrian spa—which, by the way, is properly spelt Karlsbad—an appanage of the German Empire? Even more surprising than "Dagonet's" lapse was that reported the other day of a school-master who was examining a class in political geography. The boys were asked to name the capitals of European countries, and when the turn of Russia came all but one called out "St. Petersburg." One little fellow, however, held up his hand in dissent, and stated, rightly enough, that Petrograd was the Russian capital; whereupon the sapient pedagogue corrected him and stuck out for "St. Petersburg." And this was after the war had been eight weeks in progress!

The Latest War Map.

It is our cartographers, however, who are the road traveler's chief bane, and the numerous war maps that have been issued embody conventional and other errors to a degree that is no less irritating than astounding. I have studied maps for over twenty years, and have only found the products of one house to be worthy serious attention. A few days ago, however, I was inspecting a new and official map "printed at the War Office, August 1914." The draughtsmanship and printing were excellent, but even here the inability of map-makers to spell foreign names correctly was as pronounced as ever. Here are a few examples: "Fontainbleau" for Fontainebleau, "Longuvon" for Longuyon, "Compiegne" for Compiègne, "Rheims" for Reims, etc. What the cartographer in this particular case, however, appeared to have been specially unable to decide was how to render the names of German and Swiss towns. Mainz and Coblenz were given correctly enough, but in many other cases he must needs use the French spelling instead of either the English or the German. The big town on the Main should either be Frankfurt or Frankfurt, but he gives us "Francfort." A well-known Swiss town is either Basle or Basel, but "Bâle" is what appears on the map in question. Let us either Anglicise foreign names or print them in the fashion of their own country; there is no need to have an intermediate spelling which is neither one thing nor the other. One would not expect "Venise" on an English map of Italy, but either Venice or Venezia would meet the case; similarly, one must have either Vienna or Wien for the Austrian capital, and not "Vienne."



REPORTED KILLED, BUT STILL ALIVE—AND FLYING: MR. LOUIS NOEL.

It was reported some few days ago that Lieutenant Louis Noel, a Frenchman and well known as an airman at Hendon, had been killed while on duty at the front. Later came reassuring messages. For instance, a postcard, dated Oct. 9, and saying that he was alive and well, has been received at Hendon. It appears that there are several Noels in the French Flying Corps. Mr. Louis Noel, of Hendon, went to that Aerodrome in October 1912, after learning to fly at Brooklands, and he became a leading instructor who would turn out in any weather.

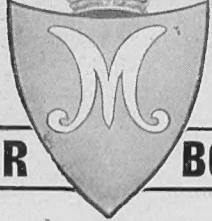
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR probably by now has a favourable opinion of the Britishers, for she enjoyed a quite enthusiastic reception on the first night of "Peg o' My Heart," at the Comedy, and the critics have been hardly colder than the public. So the play by Mr. J. Hartley Manners is likely to be one of the few successes of this gloomy season. An unpretentious piece built up with no little technical skill for the purpose of showing how brilliantly Miss Taylor can present the golden-hearted, ruddy-haired, roguish, tomboy Irish girl who shines brilliantly in an unfriendly English home drawn with scrupulous infidelity. Miss Taylor may honestly repeat the three famous words of Julius Cæsar, and the critic can fairly say that her conquest is not merely one of charm, for she also exhibits very considerable technical powers. One may not say that one part does not make an actress—it often does—yet one part never proves her calibre. So we shall wait with curiosity—and apparently wait a very long time—to see her in another character before forming a full opinion about her value as an artist. The irresistible Peg is supported by an excellent company. Mr. A. E. Matthews is just the actor to represent the young gentleman with a handle to his name who fell in love with the Irish girl—and would find her a very awkward bride. Miss Violet Kemble Cooper played with much ability and no little charm a very difficult part as the girl who nearly went wrong. Some praise is due to Miss Helen Ferrers, Mr. "Jack" Barnes, and Mr. Percy Ames.

Mr. Temple Thurston's play, "The Cost," must have been written in a great hurry, for in the second act we find the characters discussing the fact that the German Army is only about sixteen miles from Paris. Some successful plays have been written at great speed, but no masterpieces that I recollect. Perhaps there are no obvious signs of haste in the play, but a little reflection might have enabled the author to render his message clearer, and to find some more recondite comic relief than that which occupies much of the evening. Whether plays concerning the war should be written during the war is a good subject for debate. "The Cost" shows no signs of having been "inspired" by the war. Apparently it is meant to act as a recruiting piece, but is of doubtful value in this respect—indeed, the good old "Englishman's Home" was vastly better. Mr. Owen Nares gives a very fine performance as a young philosopher fascinated against all his opinions by the war, and led on to enlist. Miss Barbara Everest played the part of his young wife admirably. Mr. Frederick Ross was funny, but acted too much

to the gallery. Miss Mary Rorke was perfect as the long-suffering mother, and Miss Hannah Jones quite entertaining as a comic cook.

Middle-class dramatists love to pretend that their melodramas are something more than mere melodrama, and have a psychological and physiological or other high-toned basis. "The Double Mystery," at the Garrick, pretends to be founded on certain rare and obscure phenomena referred to as "dual personality," and the pretence renders amusing some passages otherwise a little dull. Regarded as melodrama, one notices some lack of skill in technique, since a far stronger theatrical effect ought to have been obtained with the mass of materials collected for the second act, which needs some cutting; indeed, the quarrels between the burglars are tiresomely monotonous. In general outline, if one accepts the basis of the play, there is quite a good story of the Swiss Judge who at night becomes a burglar, and really does not know, when burglar, that he is a Judge, or when Judge, that he also is a burglar—a sort of person who is both Box and Cox. The tale leads up to the attempted burglary by the Judge of his own house, and a sudden re-change of individuality which causes him, as Judge, to cross-examine the members of his own gang—and all this is very good fun in its way. Mr. Arthur Bourchier plays the Judge effectively in both aspects, and is quite tremendous towards the end when he is trying, as Judge, to get rid of his burglar self. Miss Violet Vanbrugh revels in the part of a red-haired sentimental Apache, and plays it with great gusto. There was excellent work by Messrs. Herbert Bunston, A. E. George, and Thomas Sydney.

A voucher which will enable anyone to obtain a masterpiece and memento of the war, and at the same time come to the aid of necessitous artists, is the *clou* of an admirable scheme inaugurated by the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, 3, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W. You send fifty guineas to the Secretary, and you get a voucher entitling you to a portrait of any soldier, sailor, doctor or nurse, serving, or who has served the King in the war, some four score of the leading artists of the day having agreed to paint two portraits each in aid of the funds of the Institution. You can select a favourite artist from lists which will be sent on application, on conditions clearly explained, and so can obtain a masterpiece as a memento of the war, at a nominal price, and also do service to necessitous artists by swelling the funds of the Institution. If, eventually, you cannot get the artist whom you prefer, your cheque will, if desired, be returned. Mr. J. S. Sargent's name will be missed, but this is because he is out of England.

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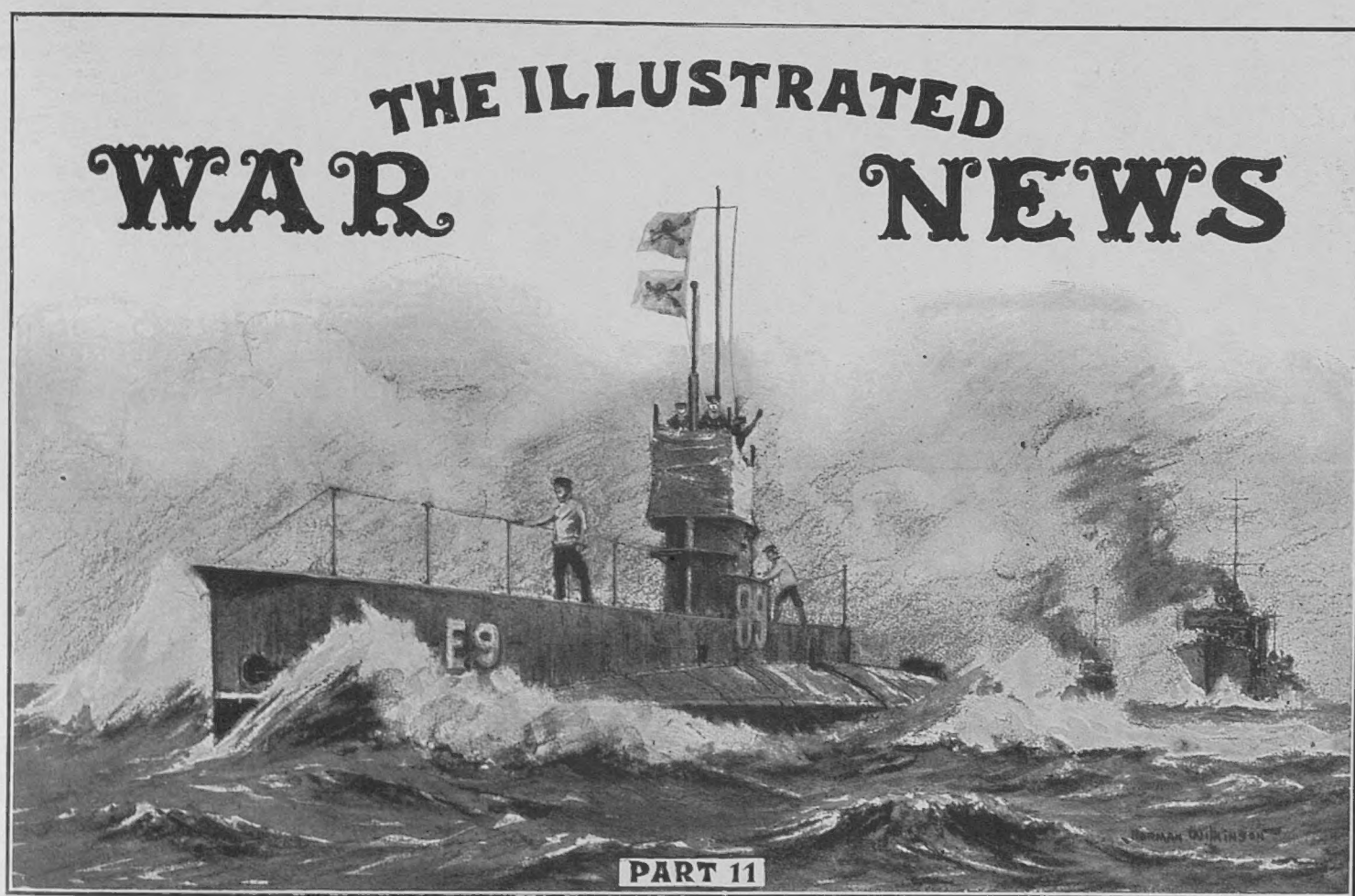
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